

# A Brief History of the Moore Family

*by Rev Daniel J. Moore,  
grandson of Harry Eugene Moore  
1896-1958.*



*Harry Moore circa 1931.*

In reality, not a lot is known for certain about the Moore family. There are few facts, and lots of legends, though. What I have pieced together comes mostly from the recollections of Warren F. Moore (my grandfathers brother), my father Robert Moore and his

brother Willard, and some odds and ends that have been uncovered in searching government records.

The Moore family originated from the Three Rivers (or “Trois Rivieres”) area in Quebec, Canada according to family tradition.<sup>1</sup> Hector Moore (Who, we believe, was the son of Charles Moore and Abby Wheelock.) immigrated to America in 1890.<sup>2</sup> According to Harry Moore’s birth certificate, Hector claimed to be have been born in 1858.<sup>3</sup>

Nothing is known about Hector but legends. One is that at some point he lived in the midwest (possibly Iowa), and had a wife who was buried in Des Plaines, Illinois. Willard Moore once attempted to locate this grave, but never did. (Whether this story is true is questionable because it originated from Warren Moore while Willard Moore was interviewing him in Arizona around 1971. By Willard’s own admission, Warren was “a spinner of tales”.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Willard Moore. Personal interview with Robert and Willard Moore, October 8, 1993 in Guilford, Conn. Recorded. Willard thinks that this is where they originated from. (After Willard Carroll’s funeral in October of 1993, I sat down with Robert and Willard and recorded several long conversations about our family history.)

<sup>2</sup> 1900 United States Federal Census data.

<sup>3</sup> A copy of Harry Moore’s birth certificate is in my possession.

<sup>4</sup> Willard Moore. Personal interview with Robert and Willard Moore, October 8, 1993 in Guilford, Conn. Recorded.

For example, Warren told great stories of his military service in the First World War, including a harrowing account of seeing action at the Battle of Verdun in February 1916. But according to the official records my brother Matthew was able to attain from the National Archives of Canada, Warren was discharged from the Canadian Over-Sea Expeditionary Force after only three months of service in 1915 for being “medically unfit for further service”.<sup>5</sup>

By the 1890’s, Hector had settled down around Franklin, New Hampshire, as a stable keeper and had married Florence Forbush.<sup>6</sup> The 1900 US Census records indicate the they both lived in Franklin Ward 1, Merrimack, New Hampshire at that time.

Willard Moore would visit the small farm north of Franklin where Hector was living around 1939. “Hector had think white hair and was rather lean”, Willard would recall in 1993. “His house smelled of birch being used as fuel in an iron stove.”<sup>7</sup>

Florence Forbush is an interesting addition to the family tree and fits neatly in with the mysterious Hector because she,

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<sup>5</sup> Warren Moore enlisted on July 29, 1915 and was discharged on August 18, 1915.

<sup>6</sup> Information taken from the birth certificate of Harry Moore.

<sup>7</sup> Moore, Willard. *A Personal Memoir of My Father*, 1993.

apparently, lied on her son Harry's birth certificate. According to that document, she was 21 years old at the time making her birthdate about 1875. She listed her birthplace as Franklin, New Hampshire. In 1993 I contacted the City Clerk of Franklin and asked if they had any documentation about her birth. The Clerk "searched [the] records through the 1870's" and did not find a Florence M. Forbush or (just to check) a Florence Furbush.<sup>8</sup> Fifteen more years of research has produced no further information about her, other than the suggestion from Warren that her father was Charles Forbush and her mother was Carrie James. (Although family tradition has long suggested that she was a Native American from the Penobscot tribe of Maine, we have never been able to confirm this.)

Hector died of what Willard recalled as "blood poisoning" sometime in the 1940's.<sup>9</sup> Florence would live into her eighties, and die around 1959. For a while she lived with her son Harry and his wife Dorothy in their home on Fox Terrace in Poughkeepsie, New

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<sup>8</sup> A letter from Elaine S. Rayno, City Clerk of Franklin, NH dated October 19, 1993.

<sup>9</sup> Willard Moore. Personal interview with Robert and Willard Moore, October 8, 1993 in Guilford, Conn. Recorded.

York. Both of Harry's sons remember how hard this was on their father. Robert recalls: "My father was torn between the duty he felt to her and the responsibility he felt for his wife." "She was so old," Robert would joke years later, "that the idea of being polite and thoughtful never crossed her mind".<sup>10</sup>

Willard recalls Warren telling him that Hector and Florence would often "rip the blanket" or separate for a time and then came back together many times during their marriage. "Each time, [Harry and Warren] were 'farmed out' to other families."<sup>11</sup> "It was never a stable home." he said.<sup>12</sup> But their relationship did produce four children. The oldest child was a daughter named Ola. Their next child was my grandfather Harry Eugene, who was born in Franklin, New Hampshire, on October 23, 1896. Next came another son, Arthur. Their last child was Warren F,<sup>13</sup> who was born in 1901.

Not too much is known of Ola. According to Willard, Harry Moore said that she had married an Irish Catholic and went to live

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<sup>10</sup> Robert Moore. Personal interview with Robert and Willard Moore, October 8, 1993 in Guilford, Conn. Recorded.

<sup>11</sup> Moore, Willard. *A Personal Memoir of My Father*, 1993.

<sup>12</sup> Willard Moore's editorial comments on the rough draft of this essay, September, 1996.

<sup>13</sup> The order of birth is based on the personal recollections of Willard and Robert. Personal interview with Robert and Willard Moore, October 8, 1993 in Guilford, Conn. Recorded.

in Boston. Willard Moore recalls that there was a Quaker-style religious conviction in the family,<sup>14</sup> but also a “deep-seeded suspicion of certain groups like the [Roman Catholics] and of all large institutions”. So Ola’s marriage was apparently frowned upon by the rest of the family leading to this lack of knowledge.<sup>15</sup> Robert recalls he might have met her once, but isn’t sure.

Warren Moore was a little more colorful. He was born on June 16, 1901 in Franklin, New Hampshire. As already stated, he enlisted in the Canadian Over-Sea Expeditionary Force in July of 1915 by lying about his age and claiming to have been born in 1896. His discharge papers describe him as 5 foot, 6 and half inches tall, of medium build with blue eyes and light brown hair. Although Warren claimed all his life that he had served in France and was wounded in a gas attack leaving him with lung trouble the rest of his life, this has been shown to have been another tall tale. As already mentioned, he was discharged “within three months of enlistment [being] found medically unfit for further service”, according to his discharge papers dated August 18, 1915.

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<sup>14</sup> Willard Moore’s editorial comments on the rough draft of this essay, September, 1996.

In World War II, he was a member of the Merchant Marines. By the 1950's, he had moved out west, where he spent a good portion of his life painting.<sup>16</sup> He was also married three times, but divorced just once. The story goes that Warren was married once and had a son, who still might be alive and living in the Midwest.<sup>17</sup> Then Warren and his wife were divorced. He married again in Minneapolis "on the fly". Whatever happened here is unknown. However, without divorcing his second wife, he married again, this time to a woman named Malvina. Malvina was originally from Athens, Georgia, and was a YMCA Social Worker during the 1930's and '40's.<sup>18</sup> When Warren died in Tucson, Arizona, on July 23, 1978 and Malvina asked for a government pension, she was refused because she was not recorded as the legal wife. According to Willard Moore, everything got straightened out eventually.<sup>19</sup>

A final mystery about Warren. Until my brother Matthew was able to obtain copies of Warren's discharge papers, the family had assumed that his middle initial - "F" - stood for nothing. Willard

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<sup>15</sup> Letter from Willard Moore to DJM, January 20, 1993.

<sup>16</sup> Telephone conversation with Willard Moore, October 12, 1996.

<sup>17</sup> Willard Moore's editorial comments on the rough draft of this essay, September, 1996.

had asked him about it once, and he said it was just a fashionable thing in the early 1900's to have a middle initial.<sup>20</sup> But on his military discharge papers, his middle name is listed as "Francis".

As for the fourth child Arthur, not much is known about him except that he died of rheumatic fever sometime around 1920.<sup>21</sup>

According to Willard, Harry saw no future in the stable business and farming community that he grew up in. And his parents rocky relations left him with no sense of family ties. So with only an eighth grade education, he entered the U.S. Navy on July 8, 1915. His service record described him as 5 foot, nine and a quarter inches tall with blue eyes, "very light brown" hair, and a fair complexion. He served with distinction and received a commendation for bravery from his Commanding Officer and the Navy Department, according to a letter from the Navy Department dated February 8, 1921.

A photo that Willard gave me in 1993 has a little more information about this. It says: "Harry E. Moore, G.M. 3c USN,

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<sup>18</sup> Willard Moore's editorial comments on the rough draft of this essay, September, 1996.

<sup>19</sup> Letter from Willard Moore to DJM, January 20, 1993.

<sup>20</sup> Letter from Willard Moore to DJM, January 20, 1993.

Commended for heroic devotion to duty when the U.S.A.C.T. LUCIA was torpedoed. October 17, 1918.” This photo hangs proudly in my study to this day.

Harry did not speak much about his service during the war. Willard recalls that when he asked him about it, he said “how very scary it was, and that he lost all his things, especially a pearl handled revolver he had obtained somehow.” When Willard asked why he couldn’t go back for it, “he said all he wanted to do was get into the lifeboat.”<sup>22</sup> This may have been because, as my father once told me, Harry “couldn’t swim a lick”.<sup>23</sup>

After the Navy and according to Warren (Remember, he is not the most reliable source.) Harry may have married a woman from Kentucky, but had this annulled. But both of Harry’s sons doubted that this was true if for no other reason than Harry “didn’t seem the type” to them.<sup>24</sup>

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<sup>21</sup> Letter from Willard Moore to DJM, January 20, 1993.

<sup>22</sup> Letter from Willard Moore to DJM, January 20, 1993.

<sup>23</sup> Robert Moore. Personal interview with Robert and Willard Moore, October 8, 1993 in Guilford, Conn. Recorded.

<sup>24</sup> Willard Moore. Personal interview with Robert and Willard Moore, October 8, 1993 in Guilford, Conn. Recorded.

What can be stated as fact is that Harry married Dorothy Alberta Burgess on December 27, 1930. Dorothy Burgess, who was born on November 4, 1902 in Highland, New York. They had two sons, Willard Burgess Moore, who was born on September 1, 1931, and Robert Douglas Moore (my father), who was born on July 28, 1940. (More about Dorothy Burgess and that side of our family is detailed in *A Brief History of the Burgess Family*.)

When Willard was born, Harry and Dorothy lived in an upstairs apartment on Hooker Avenue, which was across the street from the Friends Meeting House. In 1932, the family moved to Todd Hill Farms, which was about five miles east of Poughkeepsie. This was Dorothy's parents (Fred and Flora Mae Burgess) farm. (Dorothy's younger brother Kenneth was living there at the time as well.) They would live here during the worst of the Depression.

This must have been a difficult time for Harry. Willard would recall that his impression at the time was that "my dad was always a tolerated guest with his in-laws but never a son."<sup>25</sup> He clearly

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<sup>25</sup> Moore, Willard. *A Personal Memoir of My Father*, 1993.

remembers his grandmother Burgess sitting him on her knee and saying “Promise me you’ll never grow up to be like your father!”<sup>26</sup>

Willard would write that Harry’s “in-laws, socially conservative and necessarily frugal, never condoned his tobacco habit nor his love of an occasional glass of beer, and certainly not his jovial manner and ability to break into song or laugh out loud. He was openly affectionate (hardly a Burgess trait) and in later years, mother praised him as manly, industrious, faithful, and even virile, but these qualities apparently meant little to the Burgesses. Descended from Quakers in Nantucket and Ohio, they seldom went to meeting for worship, yet always considered dad one of the ‘unsaved’”.<sup>27</sup>

“I remember my mother in those days not at all”, Willard would write of these days. “Of my father, I recall only his homecomings and his attention at bedtime. Of all the things he did for me, I loved him most for our nightly routine together. Some time after supper, he would lift me to his shoulders or carry me in his arms up the long central stairway to the second floor, stop by the

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<sup>26</sup> Moore, Willard. *A Personal Memoir of My Father*, 1993.

portraits of two ancient relatives, called ‘grandpa with whiskers and grandpa without whiskers’, and then put me to bed in the front bedroom which he must have shared with my mother. He would tuck me in, adjust the window for ‘a little fresh air’, and wish me goodnight.”<sup>28</sup>

In 1936, the family moved to Haight Avenue, then to Worrall and finally to Fox Terrace. During this time, Harry held a number of jobs. He worked in a diner for a while, and for the Wallace Company, selling Hoover vacuum cleaners, and later, rugs. During World War II, Harry worked as a security guard.<sup>29</sup>

Willard remembers his father from these days as he “would come in the back door, singing something from the blues of the 1920’s and 1930’s … grab mom around the waist and do a little dance step. She would protest, saying ‘Oh, Harry!’ and he would let go and get ready for supper.”<sup>30</sup>

After the World War II, Harry worked at a number of jobs, including a salesmen for Central Distributors of Schenectady, New

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<sup>27</sup> Moore, Willard. *A Personal Memoir of My Father*, 1993.

<sup>28</sup> Moore, Willard. *A Personal Memoir of My Father*, 1993.

<sup>29</sup> Willard Moore’s editorial comments on the rough draft of this essay, September, 1996.

York, in the 1940's. (That was his occupation according to his obituary from the Poughkeepsie *New Yorker* of October 9, 1958.) In early January of 1954, he suffered the first of a number of heart attacks. Finally, on October 8, 1958, Harry "died unexpectedly at his home ... of a heart seizure." But that was according to his obituary. His son Robert remembers him as having brain damage and other physical difficulties from numerous strokes and attacks between 1954 and 1958, and claimed that "unexpectedly" was hardly an accurate assessment.<sup>31</sup>

Robert has only a few strong memories of his father Harry. One that he recalled was one winter evening he was outside playing in the snow when his father came home in his Studebaker with another man in the car. The man was "down and out", and Harry had brought him home to give him an old overcoat he had. Mostly, Robert has fond memories of drinking coffee in the morning with his father in the kitchen before he would go off to his sales job.<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>30</sup> Moore, Willard. *A Personal Memoir of My Father*, 1993.

<sup>31</sup> Conversation with Robert Moore, March 18, 1993.

<sup>32</sup> Conversation with Robert Moore, March 18, 1993.

He would also recall his father's advice about finding a place to eat when you're on the road: look for the place with the trucks. And sure enough, every time I have pulled off at a truck stop where there are lots of trucks parked, the food has been pretty good.

After Harry's passing, Dorothy Moore would marry longtime friend Willard H Carroll on December 28, 1963. (There is more about Willard Carroll in *A Brief History of the Burgess Family*.)

Willard Burgess Moore, was born on September 1, 1931. He attended college at Rutgers, majoring in English and graduated in 1954. He entered the Army in 1954, and was stationed at Ft. Ord in Monterey, California. He married Nancie Brown on November 24, 1955 in Carmel, CA. They had three sons: David Geoffrey, born August 14, 1955; Robert McKay, born December 8, 1957; and Brian Lawrence, born on June 3, 1960.

David joined a secretive spiritual society in October of 1975, and for many years his whereabouts were unknown. He only contacted his family four or five times over the years before the society became headline news in April of 1997 as the "Heaven's Gate Cult" under the leadership of Marshall Herff Applewhite

(sometimes referred to as “Do”). Thirty-nine individuals, including David, committed suicide sometime around March 23rd at a Rancho Santa Fe home north of San Diego, California. They had seen the Hale-Bopp comet, which was then traveling across the solar system, as a sign of the end times.

In an article in *People* magazine, David was described as a “computer ace”, and wrote: “Moore was angry, often emotional 19-year-old with a shock of dark, wavy hair when in 1975 he stumbled on a cult meeting in a park near his home in Los Gatos, Calif. He disappeared soon afterward, and for 21 years his mother, Nancie Brown, tried to track him down and organized parent support groups. Finally, after seeing him twice over the years, she accepted his choice and even became proud that he had become a certified computer network engineer. But his long absence didn’t diminish the pain when she learned of his death. ‘It’s been, I’d say, 21 years of losing,’ she told *The Washington Post*. ‘It doesn’t end.’”<sup>33</sup>

I will never forget getting a call from my uncle Willard about David’s death. A day or two later, I was reading the *New York Times*

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<sup>33</sup> *People* magazine of April 14, 1997 (Vol. 47, No. 14), “Who They Were”.

in my apartment in Lancaster, Pennsylvania and was shocked to see a photograph of one of the victims. He looked just like a younger version of my father. Although there was no name beneath the photo, I knew it had to be David.

Robert lives in Chico, California, where he has lived since 1982. When I was a kid in the '70's and '80's, he lived in teepee. (When I was ten years old, that sure sounded cool!) He has attended the California State University at Chico. He wrote me recently and said that he is pleased with the life he has created there, and considers himself "lucky" at this point in his life.

Brian (who of all my Moore cousins is the one I have kept in closest touch with) attended Merritt Junior College for three years and then transferred to UC Berkeley, graduating in 1985. He majored in Environmental Sciences and pre-med. In college, he was a part of the Cal Cycling Team, so after college, Brian "structured my life around bicycle racing for the next 6 years."<sup>34</sup> He would win various state and national championship medals all across the country. By 1991, he was living in Indianapolis, Indiana. On

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<sup>34</sup> Brian's 30th "BHS Reunion Bio".

October 5, 1991 he married Patti Cashman (a Los Altos native). In 1995 Brian began medical school at Indiana University School of Medicine in Indianapolis, followed by an OBGyn residency at St. Luke's Hospital in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania (2000-2004). After this, Brian and his family moved Merced, California. In October of 2007, Brian began a private practice of his own.

Dr. Brian and Patti Moore have three daughters: Valerie Evelyn, born on December 31, 1993; Stephanie Grace, born on July 16, 1998; and Delia Joy, born on June 16, 2000 - the first Moore born in the 21st century.

Willard and Nancie were divorced in the early sixties, and Willard married Sue Emily Ray of Mt. Clement, Michigan on September 2, 1964 in Big Sur, California. They had two children: Jennifer Joanna, born September 23, 1969, and Joshua Edward Burgess, born July 26, 1973.

Jennifer Moore finished high school as an exchange student in Copenhagen, Denmark in 1987 and 1988, before majoring in Anthropology at the University of Minnesota. After graduation in 1993, she traveled through Europe, waitressed, and worked a few

design internships. She was been a designer and design manager for Manhattan Toy, started her own design business *monaluna*, worked as a children's apparel designer for Target, a decorative accessories designer for Pottery Barn Kids.

In 2005 she met David Miguelucci. They were married in 2007, and honeymooned in Thailand. Lately, Jennifer has begun to focus *monaluna* toward textile design, with long-term plans to develop a clothing and accessories line.

Joshua Moore would attend the University of Minnesota, graduating Magna Cum Laude with a BA in International Relations – Development in December of 1995 after spending six months in a study abroad program in Dakar, Senegal. He would go on to the University of Notre Dame and graduate in July of 2004 with a MA in International Peace Studies.

Among other things, Josh has founded the professional association Global Citizens for Conflict Resolution; founded and produced Creative Conversations Film Series; worked as a volunteer statement taker for the Liberian Truth and Reconciliation Commission Diaspora Project; and spent five living and working in

West Africa. He has also published twenty-three articles on African culture, international development and cross-cultural learning published in *Yëgéo Magazine*. He speaks fluent French and the West African language Wolof. He is currently living in Beloit, Wisconsin.

After a divorce from Emily, Willard married Paula Hussmann on May 22, 1992 in St. Louis, Missouri. Willard and Paula now live in Charlotte, North Carolina.

An interesting little footnote: Willard Moore told me in 1993 that “Somebody read my palm when I was a teenager and said ‘You will be married three times.’”<sup>35</sup>

Robert Douglas Moore was born July 28, 1940. He attended the Oakwood private school for three and half years, before graduating from Poughkeepsie High School in 1958.

An interesting footnote from my fathers high school years is that while at Poughkeepsie High School, Robert pitched for the baseball team. One of the people he beat out for a spot on the team was a pitcher named Fred Lasher who would later pitch in the

major leagues for Minnesota, Detroit, Cleveland, and California. For his entire career, his statistics would read that he was 11-13, with 22 saves in 151 games with a lifetime 3.88 ERA. He would play in parts of six seasons between 1963 and 1971.<sup>36</sup> While this has nothing to do with anything, I have always thought it was cool.

In the fall of 1958 Robert moved to San Francisco and lived with Willard and his wife Nancie. He returned to Poughkeepsie upon the death of Harry and decided to stay there. “I should not have been surprised” Willard would recall. “He saw a duty and an obligation ... and was clearly ‘the man of the family’ for the first time. I have always admired him for that.”<sup>37</sup>

Robert would attend college at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio, for a year. Later, he attended the Dutchess Community College, and graduated from the State University of New York at New Paltz, in 1964. He married college classmate Phyllis Madeline Krass of Oceanside, New York, on December 19, 1964 in Freeport, New York.

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<sup>35</sup> Willard Moore. Personal interview with Robert and Willard Moore, October 8, 1993 in Guilford, Conn. Recorded.

<sup>36</sup> *Total Baseball*, 2nd edition. ed. by John Thorn & Pete Palmer, pg. 1650, © 1991.

They lived first in Clinton Hollow, New York, then Rhinebeck, New York, before moving to Rochester, New York, where I was born on March 9, 1970. They moved again to Vienna, Virginia, on December 26, 1971 where my brother Matthew Christian was born on June 25, 1973. In February 1974, we all moved to Guilford, Connecticut, where my brother and I both attended and graduated from the Guilford public school system. In January of 2007, they finally retired and moved to the Lake of the Woods community near Locust Grove, Virginia.

I graduated from Guilford High School in 1989, and attended Greater New Haven State Technical College in North Haven, Connecticut (Now known as Gateway Community and Technical College.) where I graduated with high honors and an Associates Degree in Graphics Communications. I then went to the West Virginia Institute of Technology (Now part of the West Virginia University system.) in the fall of 1991 to pursue a Bachelors in Printing Management, but left college in December of 1992. I played my guitar in coffee shops and bars around New Haven, Connecticut

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<sup>37</sup> Moore, Willard. *A Personal Memoir of My Father*, 1993.

and managed a photocopy center in nearby Guilford. I returned to WVIT in January of 1994 and graduated that summer with a BA degree. It was also about this time that I became a lacto-ovo vegetarian, which I remain today.

In August of 1994 I began studying for the ordained ministry at the Lancaster Theological Seminary of the United Church of Christ in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. It was here that I met Denise Eileen Anderson. (She was born on April 13, 1967 in St. Joesph, Michigan.) We were married by the Dean of the seminary (now president of Eden Seminary in St Louis) Rev. David Greenhaw at the seminary on May 25, 1996, where my brother Matthew was my Best Man. The wedding was very special because my mother and father had not meet Denise's parents (Wayne and Pat Anderson) until that weekend and Willard Moore was able to make it out from California for the day. My mom spent several hours speaking to Denise's grand-father, George Anderson, who had been a star baseball player on the House of David semi-pro teams of the 1930's and 1940's. She had seen him play with her father, Phillip Krass, in his prime.

On November 2, 1997 I was ordained as a minister in the United Church of Christ at the North Guilford Congregational United Church of Christ in Guilford, Connecticut. (Just before my ordination, in late October of 1997, my friend Dave Lasala and I completed recording an album of songs that I had written over the years in New Haven, Connecticut that I called *Prodigal Son*.) I have served as the pastor of Zion UCC in Winesburg, Ohio (from November 1997 until March 2001); the Denmark Congregational UCC in Denmark, Iowa (from June 2001 until November 2005); as the interim pastor of both St John UCC and Union Presbyterian both in Ft Madison, Iowa (from November 2005 until November 2006); and as the pastor of both St John's UCC of Creston and Cromwell Congregational UCC, both in southwest Iowa (from November 2006 until the present).

Although Denise and I can not have children, we have welcomed a wonderful young woman named April Bevelheimer into our family as our “daughter”. She was born on May 9, 1988 and gave birth to her first child, Isabel Marie Newell, on May 10, 2008

making Denise and I “grand-parents” if only by love. They are both currently living with us in Cromwell.

My brother Matthew graduated from Guilford High School in 1991, and attended college at the University of Connecticut. He began college majoring in Engineering, but graduated with a BA in Psychology in 1995. On May 23, 1997 he married Katharine Anne Campbell at Tarrywile Park in Danbury, Connecticut. Katie was born on December 8, 1970 in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada to Dennis Bain Campbell, Susan Marion (Grahame) Campbell. Today, they live in Ottawa, Canada.

I will close with a final memory of mine. When we would visit Grandma Dorothy and Willard Carroll in Poughkeepsie, my dad would often take my brother and I to get a hot dog at this old “greasy spoon” called *The Texas Lunch*. I did not understand at the time what was so special about it. It was just a hot dog, after all. But it was one of the places that Harry would take his sons when they were young. Looking back, it’s a connection to my grandfather Harry that I can always cherish.

In case anyone is ever in the Poughkeepsie area, and wishes to grab a dog, *The Texas Lunch* that was at the corner of Main and Cherry and was visited by three generations of Moore's, has apparently now moved out to Route 55.

*In the summer of 1996, I began work on a written family history of the Moore family, with the idea of preparing a manuscript in time for what would have been my grandfather Harry's 100th birthday in October of that year. In the twelve years since then, many things have happened and new facts have come to light. And so to mark the 50th anniversary of Harry's death in 1958, I have prepared this revised edition of "A Brief History of the Moore Family". I hope that my three second cousins, Valerie, Stephanie, and Delia will one day be able to pass these stories on to the next generation. I would welcome further information and corrections. I can be reached by e-mail at [DanMoore@minister.com](mailto:DanMoore@minister.com) or by mail at 1103 Broadway Ave; Cromwell, IA 50842. On-line versions of this, and the Burgess family history, can be found at my website located at <http://danmoore.freewebs.org>.*

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